

ACHED IN EVERY BONE.

Chicago Society Woman, Who Was So Sick She Could Not Sleep or Eat, Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Marion Knight, of 33 N. Ashland avenue, Chicago, orator of the West Side Wednesday Club, says: "This



winter when I started to use Doan's Kidney Pills I ached in every bone and had intense pains in the kidneys and pelvic organs. The urine was thick and cloudy, and I could barely eat enough to live. I felt a change for the better within a week. The second week I began eating heartily. I began to improve generally, and before seven weeks had passed I was well. I had spent hundreds of dollars for medicine that did not help me, but \$6 worth of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to perfect health."

A TRIAL FREE.—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cts.

Not Appendicitis.

A little lad whose parents attend the church of the Ascension being taken to the morning service for the first time was greatly impressed by a reference the clergyman made to the creation of Eve. A few days later he came to his mother, announcing: "My side hurts me very much and I think God is getting ready to take out one of my ribs and make me a wife."—New York Sun.

Even Trees Are Dead.

There is a cemetery in Savannah, Ga., where no one has been buried for fifty years. Here for three-quarters of a mile in extent the trees seem to meet in the clouds and present a most fantastic sight. Not a leaf is to be seen on the branches, but they are covered from trunk to twig with Spanish moss which, spreading over the great arms of the trees, says their vitality.

Tailor Is Overworked.

A London tailor, suing for wages, testified that he worked from Thursday morning to late on Saturday night without a break, and when he collapsed on his bench and was taken home is employer dismissed him summarily because he could not work on the Sunday as well. He won his case.

IT'S THE TERROR OF ALL WOMEN.

Backache Quickly Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mrs. W. H. Ambrose tells how her pains vanished never to return when she used the Great American Kidney Remedy.

Dover, Ky., Feb. 13th.—(Special).—So long has backache been the terror of the women of America that the numerous reports of the complete and permanent cures of this ailment now being made by Dodd's Kidney Pills are causing wide satisfaction and not the least remarkable of these cures is that of Mrs. W. H. Ambrose of this place. Mrs. Ambrose says:

"I had such pains in my back at times I could hardly move and other symptoms showed that my kidneys were affected. One box of Dodd's Kidney Pills drove away all the pains and I have never been troubled since." Backache is the kidneys' first notice that they are out of order and need help. If they get that help in the form of Dodd's Kidney Pills all will be well. If they are neglected the disease may develop into Diabetes, Bright's Disease or Rheumatism.

German Forests.

Forests cover nearly one-fourth of the surface of Germany—about 48,000 square miles.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

We, the undersigned, have known Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Catarrh of the bladder for the last 15 years, and believe them perfectly reliable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by them.

WALDO, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 15 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Dr. Williams' Family Pills for constipation.

If evil thoughts were crimes, what penitentiaries would we need.

Salzer's Home Builder Corn. So named because 50 acres produced so heavily, that it proceeds built a lovely home. See Salzer's catalog. Yielded in Ind. 137 bu., Ohio 160 bu., Tenn. 138 bu., and in Mich. 224 bu. per acre. You can beat this record in 1905.



WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE YIELDS?

120 bu. Beardless Barley per acre.
310 bu. Salzer's New National Oats per A.
80 bu. Salzer's Speltz and Macaroni Wheat.
1,360 bu. Pedigree Potatoes per acre.
14 tons of rich Billion Dollar Grass Hay.
60,000 lbs. Victoria Rape for sheep—per A.
60,000 lbs. Trosinte, the fodder wonder.
64,000 lbs. Salzer's Superior Fodder Corn—rich, juicy fodder, per A.
Now such yields you can have in 1905, if you will plant my seeds.

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10c

in stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive their great catalog and lots of farm seed samples. [W.N.U.]

Why preach eternal happiness and deck ourselves with crepe?

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and all the little ailments.

Today is the father of Tomorrow and the child of Yesterday.

Defiance Starch is guaranteed biggest and best, or money refunded; 14 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now.

SQUIRE JOHN

A TALE OF THE CUBAN WAR

BY ST. GEORGE BATHURNE

Copyright, 1897, by E. Tenneyson Neely.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

No one is hurt, but each man draws a long breath, as if comprehending that the battle is now on, and that it will not cease until much destruction has been wrought.

So Jack scrambles to his knees and has his arm out of the window almost immediately. That hand holds a weapon, and one he knows well how to manipulate.

The guerrillas present as fair a target as anyone could wish, seen in the light of the fires. Jack Travers has had many opportunities for becoming an expert shot.

If he were dealing with wild beasts of the chaparral he would have no more thought of mercy than he feels toward these lawless outcasts whose hands are raised against both sides and whose daily calendar is marked by terrible deeds.

So Travers opens right merrily upon them, his only desire being to make each one of the six bullets give a good accounting.

He is not allowed to monopolize the whole affair. Smithers is just as eager to have a hand in it, and his gun sounds about as regularly as Jack's. The senior and Spencer also manage to get in a shot or two, and taken all together, the reception they spring upon the astonished guerrillas is fully as efficacious as it is sudden.

A temporary demoralization seizes upon the assailants, and they melt away. Some run to the shelter of trees, others to the opposite side of the carriage, while a few drop to the ground, hoping that among the wounded they may be safe for the present.

"Well done," cries Don Rafael; "but is anybody hurt?"

They have luckily escaped all injury, which fact may be laid to the unprepared condition of the enemy. Perhaps when a second engagement has ended they may not be able to present such a fine showing.

"Listen!" exclaims Jack.

"The report of firearms can be heard." "Some of them have entered the carriage!" exclaims Roblado, for the shots certainly sound close to their ears.

Jack scouts the idea.

"Not quite so bad as that," he says. "But listen. Those reports are surely just beyond this thin partition. Carramba!"—as two shots sound at once.

"That is true. But they are fired by the guard and my servant, who, cut off from this compartment by the advance of the enemy, have been compelled to take refuge in there."

"I believe you are correct, senior. That is a piece of luck in our favor." A sudden silence has fallen on the scene—a silence that seems to pre-empt the coming tempest—a silence that is even more terrible than the clamor that has preceded it.

The situation is certainly very black, and even sanguine Squire John does not dare to think of what the immediate future may hold for them.

To successfully defend the carriage against these dare-devil guerrillas is a task well-nigh impossible. Above all, Jack dreads lest the enemy conceive the idea of utilizing fire in order to accomplish their end. The old carriage if once kindled would burn like tinder. So Travers finds himself in the position of a master at chess who discovers a weak point in his defense whereby he may be mated, and as it is his opponent's move, he sits there on nettles awaiting the discovery that will bring his defense to naught.

Smithers knocks on the wall.

"Hello, there!" he calls, and the guard answers.

"Hold the fort; load up again, and

Travers opens right merrily upon them.

The silence does not last long; but in the interim the guerrillas have evidently been heavily reinforced, if the fearful chorus of screeches and

"Again!" shouts Roblado, pushing close to the opening; "and let it be to the death, seniors all!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Change of Base.

They come sweeping forward very hoarse yells that mark their second advance is any criterion.

Like the hurricane that sometimes devastates Cuban sugar plantations,

Jack is really appalled at the number of desperate men opposed to his little band, and more than ever does he realize what an uphill task lies before them; indeed, it must be through a miracle that they escape, if at all.

As the guerrillas advance they open fire on the carriage with all manner of guns; so while this firing lasts it is necessary for the defenders to lie low, lest some of the missiles that sing so lively a tune, and snap splinters from the framework above, find a more congenial lodgment within their bodies.

Smithers seems to realize that their enemies are poorly provided with firearms. He believes they will speedily exhaust their fire, when it may be reasonably safe for himself and allies to reply.

Just as he figured so it comes to pass. The shots, which dropped so fast in the beginning, become more scattered and about cease.

"Now, give it to them!" roars Smithers.

A gallant burst follows—fire flashes in spiteful streaks from that side of the carriage.

Again they scatter, as before, leaving a portion of their number on the ground; but Jack notices a difference in their actions. The majority dash alongside the carriage. They are thus out of the allies' range unless one dares thrust his head and arm outside, which action would be almost suicidal.

Sounds are heard as of some one pounding. They come from underneath the carriage, and mystify even Smithers for a time. It is evident that their enemies surround them, and have even mounted to the roof, as they can be heard moving about.

The suspense is torture.

Smithers has kept on guard, watching the opening; nor does he watch in vain. Without warning, he suddenly fires his pistol, and from the floundering on the roof, together with the terrible Spanish curses that cause the girls to clap their hands over their ears, it seems positive that some reckless fellow allowed curiosity to get the better of discretion when he lowered his head in the attempt to investigate the interior of the carriage.

Jack can stand it no longer.

He already imagines he can hear the crackling of flames underneath the carriage. Something desperate must be done.

Copyright, 1896, by Street and Smith.

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"Senior, assist me in opening the other door just wide enough to allow the passage of my body," he says to Roblado.

"Carajo! what would you do, young senior?" asks the Spaniard, while Jack sees the girls rise to their knees at his words as though in alarm.

"Something must be done immediately. I do not like to alarm the ladies, but I fear those wretches mean to burn the carriage—that they may be even now starting fires underneath us," returns Travers, quickly, desperately.

"But tell me, how would your going have any effect? They will shoot you on sight. You are a brave man, senior, but we cannot afford to lose you," declares Roblado.

"I must go. I believe I can change our conditions. The light of these fires is apt to prove our ruin. See, they are upon the curve; this other side is almost in shadow. I will take my chances. Once out, senior, I can send the carriage perhaps two hundred yards away from this fatal spot."

"Alone—you, senior?"

"It is easy, I tell you. There, you have the door ready to open. I shall go."

"Senior, I see you are determined, so good-bye, and Heaven protect you," says Roblado, squeezing his hand.

Jack gravely wrings that of Smithers, for he hardly expects to see him again—at least, the chances are against it.

Then, as he turns to squeeze through the narrow opening, he is stopped by the senior's daughter, who seizes his hand.

"Sir, the Virgin guard you. This night you may win that which you prize above all else on earth. Jessie, bid him Godspeed," says the Spanish girl, hastily.

Then Jack for the second time in his life holds the hand of his wife in his own, and ere he releases it he has pressed a kiss there.

He dares linger no longer, but filled with high aspirations regarding the desperate plan that has flashed upon his mind, he slips through the narrow opening.

Just as he feared, the crafty assailants are endeavoring to start a new blaze under the forward end. Their diabolical intention is to have the carriage afire, when those who have twice given them such a warm reception must come forth to their fate or roast in the flames.

Travers has a chance to put his little plan into operation.

Creeping along beside the carriage, he reaches the wheel where Ah Sin placed the iron pin.

Much depends on his ability to withdraw this. As the weight of the carriage must in a measure be resting upon it, he may find this task beyond his strength.

Backward and forward he twists it, while the fire rises higher. His energy increases; in sheer desperation he puts forth gigantic efforts. All the while he is encouraged by the fact that the pin moves more freely.

At length a tremendous rally on

Jack's part gives him success—the coupling pin is in his hands.

Now, if the carriage will only take a notion to descend the short grade! But there is no occasion for mental anxiety with regard to this, since the withdrawal of the iron pin is instantly succeeded by a movement on the part of the railway carriage.

Jack has driven in his first stake, and it remains to be seen whether he can hold his claim against all comers.

Upon finding the car in motion there is a burst of shouts from those underneath and others on top.

In this emergency nothing can be found with which to block the wheels, and already too much momentum has been acquired to accomplish this result by mere muscular effort.

Jack, finding that it will not be necessary for him to stand by and prevent any detaining action with his revolver, ceases to run alongside the carriage, clutches hold of the side, and swings himself on the footboard.

The heavy carriage gains momentum as it proceeds. Jack only wishes there might be a down grade all the way to Havana, when they would reach the Cuban capital with flying colors.

Alas! it is but a baby run—perhaps two hundred feet, then a short level, and after that a rise, where they will again be stopped.

Well, that is the limit of his hopes.

Backward and forward he twists it, and he can find no cause for complaint.

Already they are on the level; the momentum acquired causes the carriage to ascend the other rise thirty yards or more, when it gradually ceases to push onward. Jack is on the alert; he jumps off and makes an admirable use of the iron pin, against which the burden of the adventurous carriage again rests.

Jack is pleased with the result.

They have a fighting chance, now that the light of the fires does not betray them.

No sooner has he made sure that the pin will hold than he rushes around to the other side, and reaches the door.

"Senior, it is I!" he exclaims, not wishing to be too warmly received.

He is greeted with exclamations of joy from within, and his hearing must indeed be very acute to catch feminine voices from among the rest.

"It was beautifully done," declares Roblado, with enthusiasm.

"Very good; but we have only made a beginning, senior. Listen, and you will hear their shouts as they follow. See how they wave torches snatched from the fires as they come! We have still more hot work awaiting us."

"You never spoke truer words, sir!" exclaims Smithers; "and we are fools if we allow them to build more fires around us. Out, then, every man, and keep them at bay. Hello! there, in the other section! Open the door and join us. The situation has changed, and we must not allow ourselves to be shut up again. All hands on deck to repel boarders!"

(To be continued.)

A Famous Courthouse.

The Banner received a special this morning from Jamestown, giving an account of the burning of the courthouse of Fentress county, which occurred at an early hour this morning.

This is the courthouse made famous by Mark Twain in the "Gilded Age," of which he said the sows and pigs were cleaned out to make ready for the coming of the circuit judge, and on the fence citizens sat and bet which could first spit tobacco juice on bumble bees. James Clemens, father of Mark Twain, lived for some years at Jamestown. Fentress county is located in a remote region of the upper Cumberland country.

Besides the interest attached to the courthouse by Mark Twain's reference it is one of the oldest buildings of its character in the state, and many of the prominent judges, including Chancellor Allison of this city, have frequently held court within its historic walls.—Nashville Banner.

Not in the Senate.

One of Senator Frye's scintillations as presiding officer, when the Philippine bill was near its passage in the senate, should not be lost to the world. Such measures, till perfected, are considered in committee of the whole, not in the senate, as the term goes. The distinction is of little popular significance, but of great parliamentary importance.

Senator Bacon, wishing to make a certain motion, was informed that the bill was not in the senate, but in committee of the whole.

"Oh, I thought we were in the senate," replied Mr. Bacon.

"We are in the senate," Mr. Frye responded, "but the bill is not."—Washington Post.

Willie in Deep Water.

Depth Suitable for Bride Was Too Much for Hubby.

When Miss Ellen Jones and Mr. William Smith were married the neighbors remarked:

"The couple certainly represents the long and short of Jones and Smith."

He was the shortest member of a family noted for their dwarfish stature, while his bride was the tallest one of a numerous household of almost gigantic height.

They joined the Baptist church soon after their marriage, and were candidates for baptism at the same time. In that rural district baptistries were unknown, a lake near the church serving the same purpose.

The minister, like Mrs. Smith, was of unusual height, and as the three walked out into the water he seemed to forget the short member and sought a depth suitable for baptizing the lady.

When they were some distance from the shore there arose sounds of suppressed mirth from the spectators. When the minister stopped and turned around the cause of the unseemly hilarity was evident. Little Willie had passed his depth and was quietly swimming behind them.

The parson, being a man of expedience, turned to the swimming candidate, and after repeating the baptismal formula ducked his head, that being the only part of his body out of the water.

Mr. Smith swam back to land, while the minister proceeded with the more difficult task of baptizing his gigantic bride.—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE HARMONIES OF HOME.

A Matter of Blended Chords, and Even Discords.

It has been said that "the two essentials of a perfect home are freedom and sympathy." In considering this, the two may seem as irreconcilable as free will and predestination. If each member of the home circle is free to fly off at his or her particular tangent, where is the binding and unifying sympathy to come in? Doubtless it is a hard saying, like any other counsel of perfection. Yet that the truest home must combine the largest liberty and the closest love is certain, and also that the omission of either destroys the heart of home life.

A good home-maker needs to seek both these essentials with all her power. Many women skilled in house-keeping, full of tender love to husband and children, are yet imperious and exacting through their very love. Freedom is to them a departure from what they consider harmony.

But harmony is not a matter of one note—it is the science of blended chords and even discords into the desired theme. Sometimes it is necessary for the wife and mother herself to play second fiddle, so to speak, in the orchestra, or to let another member develop a motive all by himself or herself—just as necessary as to understand the other parts, and sustain them when the music requires it.

For lack of perception of this, many homes, full of love, are also full of discord, till the household ceases to expect anything else and accepts family jars as an inevitable part of family life.—Montreal Herald.

New Uses for Electricity.

It is a French engineer who seriously announces his invention of a suit of electric clothing, with fine wire woven in the goods and a storage battery. By means of this invention he affirms that the body can be kept at a comfortable temperature in the coldest weather. There is no apparent reason why we should stop with this. Little if any more current would be needed to produce a light such as persons on the vaudeville stage display. Thus every pedestrian at night would become a walking lamp-post, with electric force enough to shock an inebriate who might wish to cling to him. It would be practicable, too, for an American inventor to connect the current with roller skates, thus allowing every man to be his own trolley car.

The Weather.

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

The splendors fall on topics all

And moudly subjects, old in story;

The bright shades on hackneyed fakes,

And the wild chatter act seeks new glory.

Go, weather, go; set the male tongues a-tying.

And answer, ladies, answer; trying, trying.

Oh, hark! oh, hear! while men make clear

That ere to-morrow 'twill be snowing;

How sweet maids are with thoughts afar

The weather for next Tuesday showing;

Go, weather, go; set callers' tongues a-tying.

And answer, hostess, answer; trying, trying.

Oh, love, that's why in yon rich sky

The rain and shine will fall us never;

The ball of conversation ever,

Go, weather, go; set lovers' tongues a-tying.

And answer, maidens, answer; trying, trying.

—Thomas R. Ybarra.

On a Business Basis.

Bliss Carman once called at the office of a country editor up the state with a poem which he thought would be of interest to the readers of the local paper. After exchanging greetings he said:

"You don't object to an old contributor dropping into poetry, do you?"

"Not at all," replied the molder of public opinion, pushing the waste basket toward the poet; "drop ahead, and go as far as you like."

Mr. Carman was nonplussed, but the editor added still further to his embarrassment by saying earnestly:

"Oh, I was only joking, but if you really want to see your stuff in print I will run it at regular advertising rates, at top of column, next to pure reading matter."—Saturday Evening Post.

WOMEN WHO CHARM

HEALTH IS THE FIRST ESSENTIAL

It Helps Women to Win and Hold Men's Admiration, Respect and Love

Woman's greatest gift is the power to inspire admiration, respect, and love. There is a beauty in health which is more attractive to men than mere regularity of feature.

Woman's greatest gift